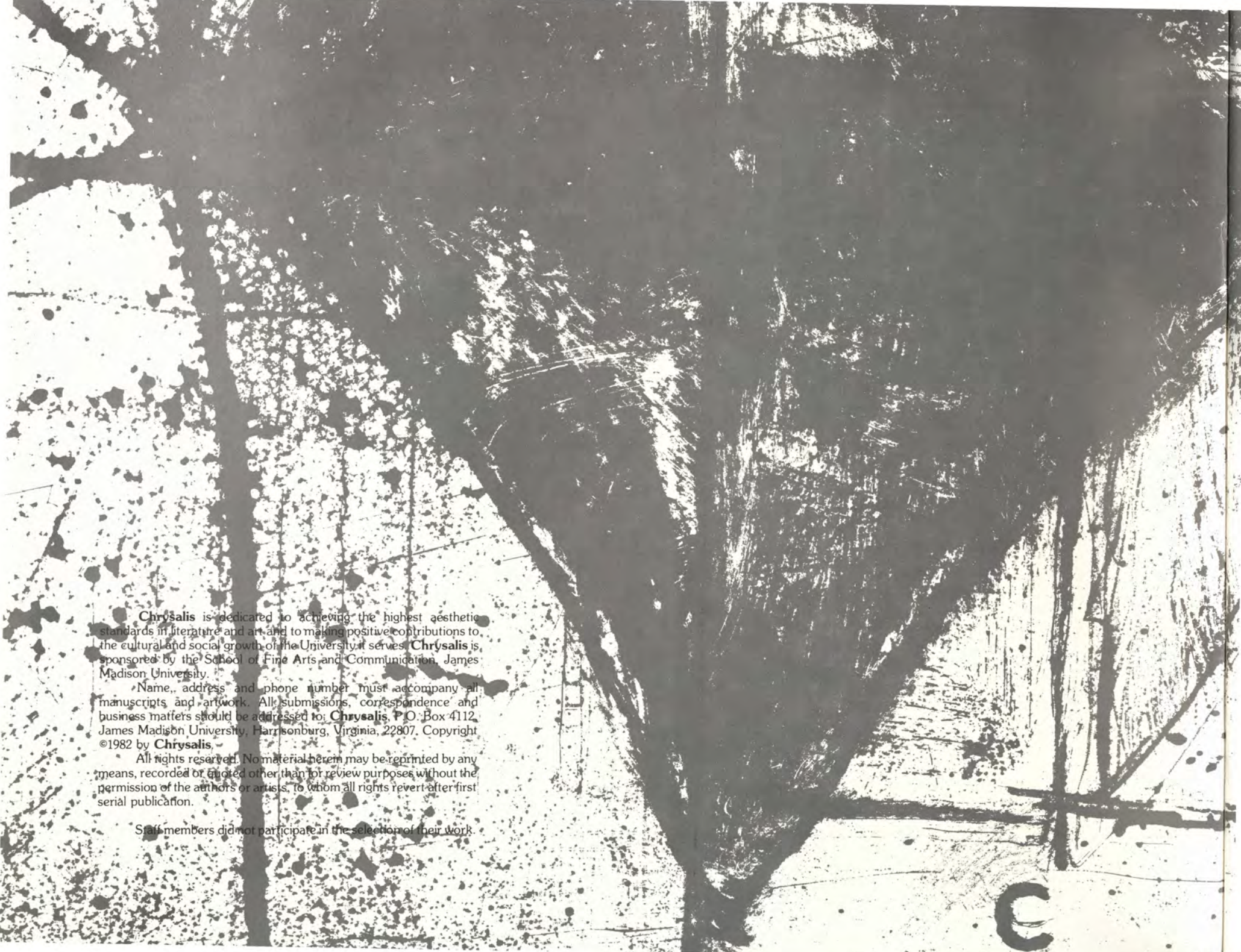


C h r y s t a l i s



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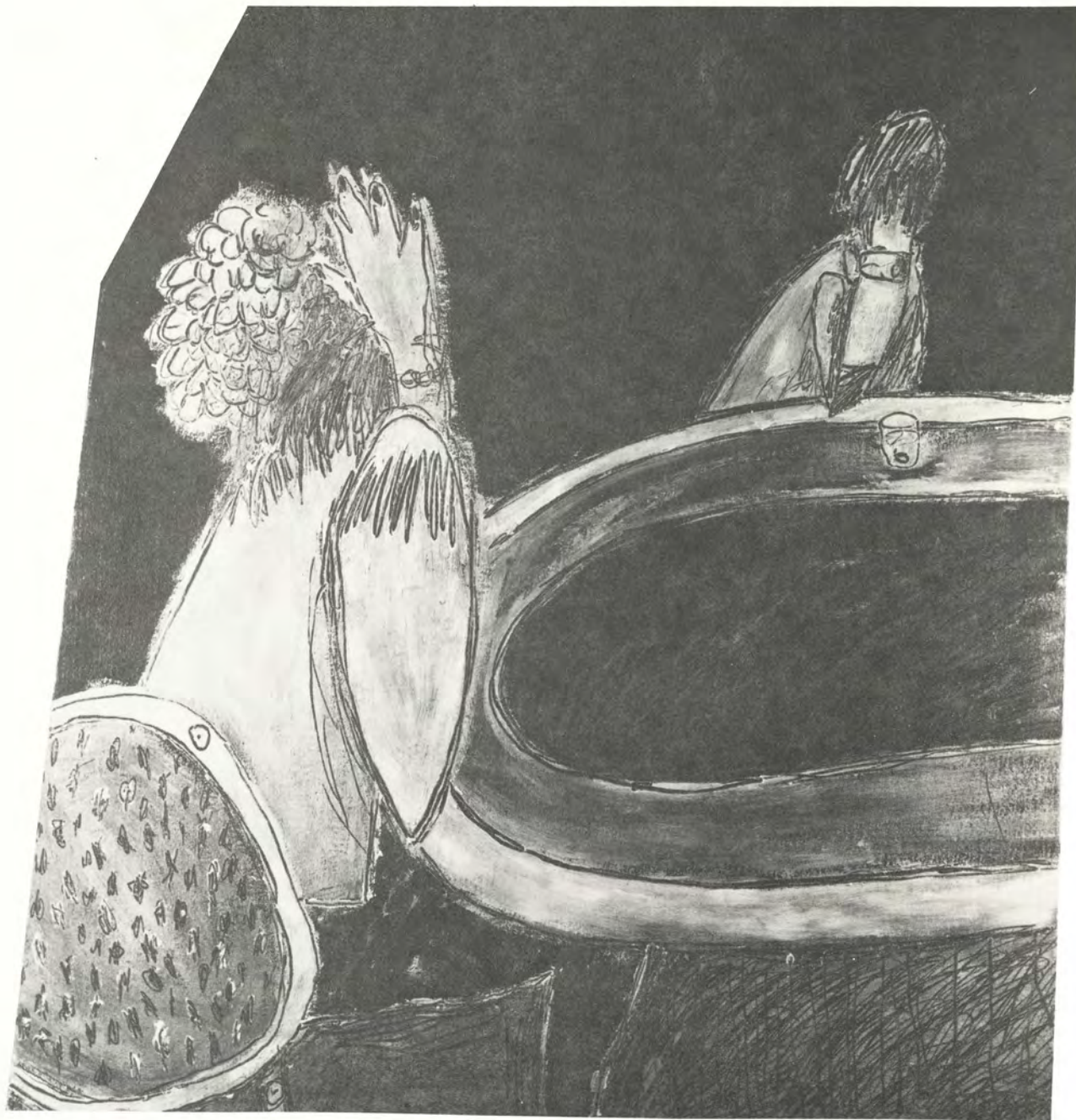
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Garrett Boehling
"Alcoholics Unanimous"
Acrylic, Tire Black; 36"x34"



When I Stare At My Hand

When I stare at my hand
A street appears:
The pavement trembles with cars,
Women scurry with packages,
Boys peddle hard
To put out the Daily.

Night visits again.
I kick a can
That grates the pavement.
I am walked by the wind.
And in my pocket
Or under my arm,
My hand shakes with noiseless sounds.

David Letson

Naptown Blues

I hear the winds storming

Through your sax chopping hard bop
Whipping past half-ripped hipsters
Gulping cheap gin and missing
The cool fire
The hot blues
The cutting edge

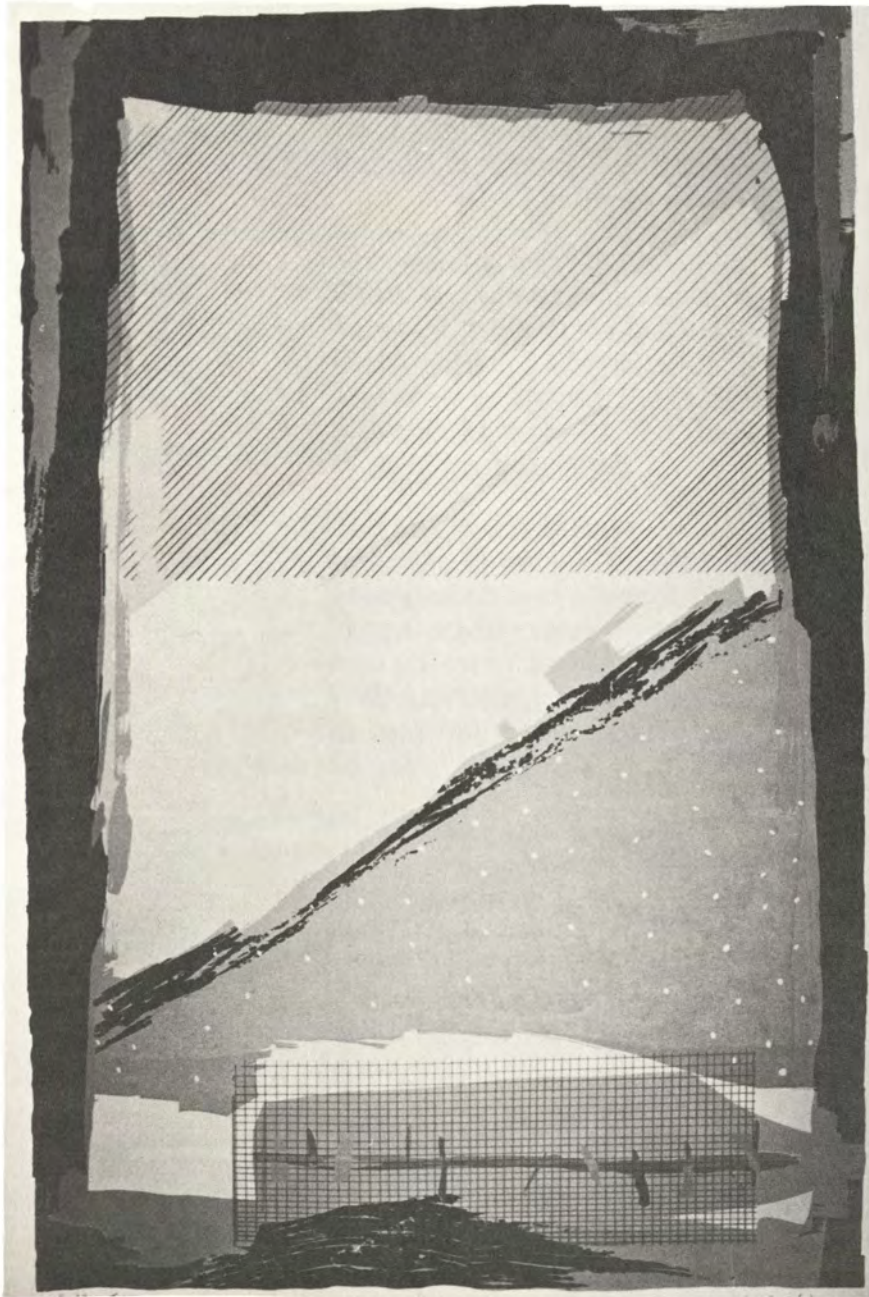
I feel it deep
Burning down past 6 A.M.
This morning's coffee
And walking in the rain to the warehouse
Click of the time clock
I punched in before loading trucks
In the gray drizzle
And punching out . . .

Yeah.

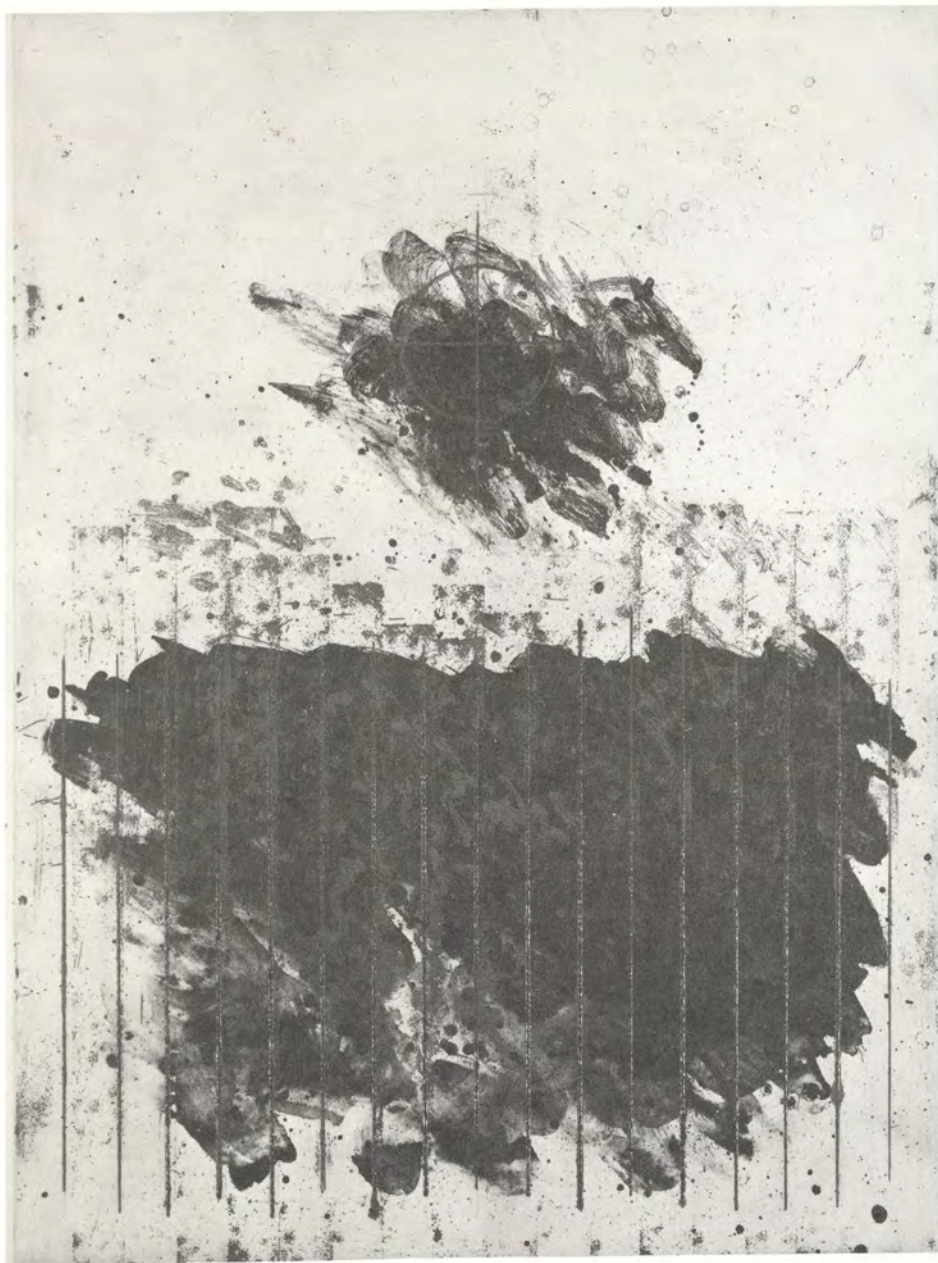
I feel down past
Evening run across the river
Back through town down
Brick-lined streets
Glimpse rubble-strewn alleys
The smell of Wild Irish Rose
And a motherless child
See, sometimes I feel like
Grooving on some hard bop
Cutting deep
Burning out the stone-lonely
Loving you is too damn hard
Blues
Down past your bitching memory
Strolling the docks
Digging it all and yet . . .

Jam on
Burn to the core
With the cool fire
The hot blues
The cutting edge.

Mike Tucker



Walt Bradshaw
"Shutter Set"
Silkscreen, 30"x20"



Mark Pascal
Untitled
Intaglio, Lithograph: 29"x20½"

Waiting for the Big E.Q.

"Being on the wire is life,
the rest is waiting." —Carl Wolendo

She walks a quiet floor,
Casts suspicious looks around her feet,
To see if the ground will move—
Clock ticking a march of minutes,
Toy soldiers against the wall;
She checks them off like battles won,
Waiting for the big E.Q.

The sun is warm like a mother's face,
Brooding down on the restless streets
That stretch and yawn in the morning smog—
People scatter across the untamed plot
And go about and about
With untrusting eyes on rows
Of towering glass, waiting
To see them dance.

I have heard that faults run
In brittle fingers under every inch,
That there is no protection but to sit
Near a doorway — and hope.
I have heard that walls sway
In jelly motion, glass showers like bullets,
And it happens so fast you can't
Move or cry out.

I relax on obedient ground
And think of her
Inspecting the wealth of her moments
In nervous triumph, like a thief
Waiting to be caught.



Bob Lobe
Untitled
Silver print photograph, 7½" x 7½"

Driftwood

There are days for sailing
Where
Girls with ample breasts
Succeed at diverting you

From the sad business
of life inside your skin

drift along, son,
like some
green, bewildered apprentice

the beaches welcome you
with warm sand and sensuous foam

The days teem with make-believe

City lasses,
disguised as island natives,
feed you tropical fruit beneath the palms

There are days for sailing virgin thoughts
into a lover's waiting ear—

There are days for watching
the driftwood float ashore

Bruce Potts

October afternoon

feel life.

the sun is nodding off
like a withered, toothless old man.

wind smiles through the trees
pushing
parachuting leaves
falling
resting.

boys kick them
fathers burn them
I smell them—

and in their death

Steven Palkovitz



Bob Lobe
"Hillside Hotel, Part 2"
Silver print photography, 7½" x 7½"

Midnight of the Lonely Drunk

The moon is obtrusive,
dog-dead,
a grub-white clot.
Deep, heavy,
the curtains breathe
like an anonymous phone call.

Tonight,
you know the ceiling
better than a lover.
Your pumpkin hour arrives,
your head
swirling like a ballroom.
Mornings and lovers
take you cancer-like, cell by cell.

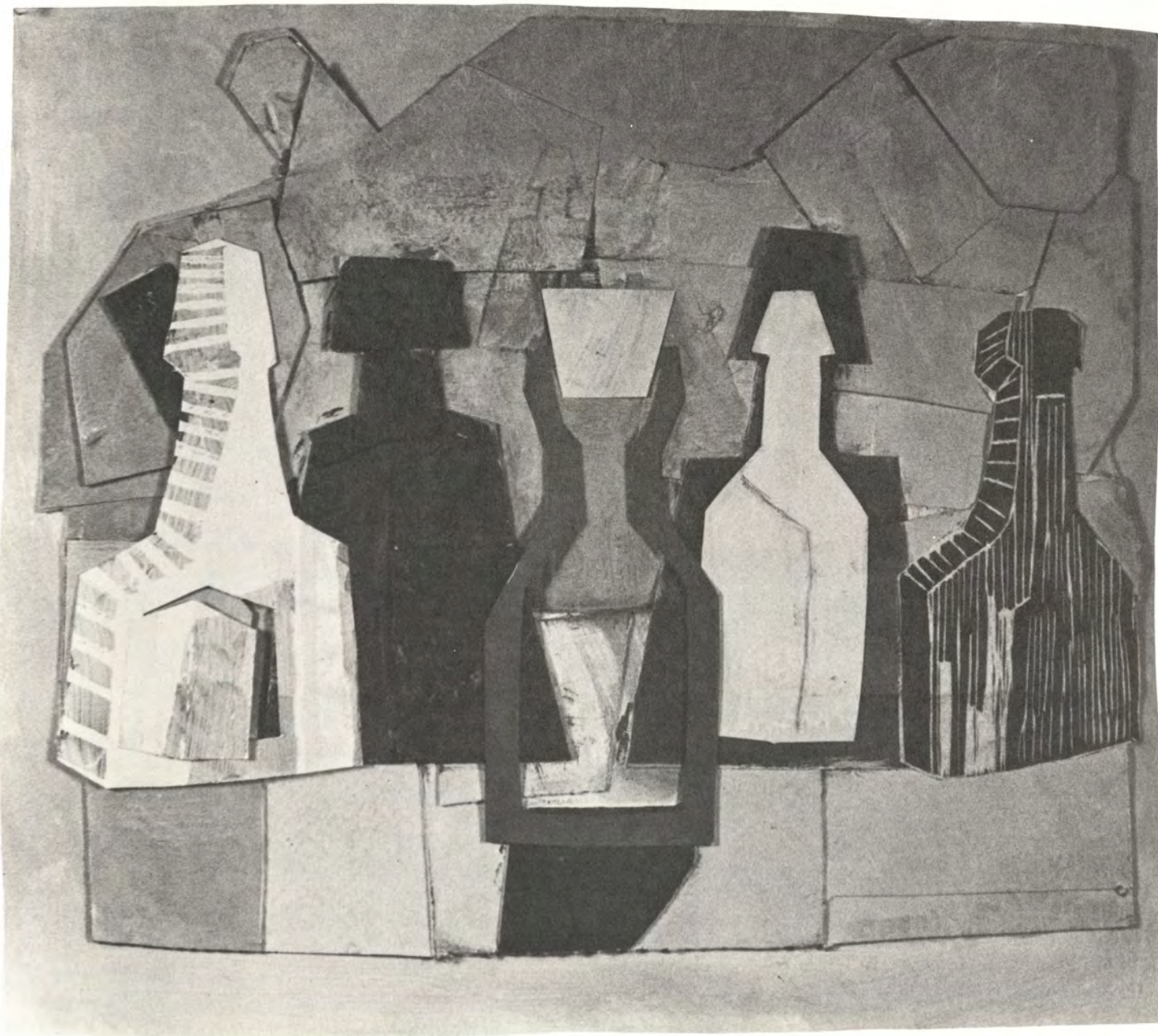
Tomorrow,
There're no Cinderella games,
no star songs,
no lonely drunk.
Your eyes ashen
hang deep
from stone dawns,
sleeping pills,
vodka.

You take
hangovers, your poems,
to the breakfast table.
They droop
into the plate:
You have them
with toast and tea.

Chris Wiley



Barbara Fast
"Corn Quilt"
Cast paper, Mixed media, 14"x14"



Craig Clark
"Collage #2"
Mixed media, 11¼"x12½"

B-1078

B-1078 was the room that she slept in
Her footprints
Would bleed their mud and grime
Into the white carpet

The old maids who cleaned
Would always bitch about
The Dirt
And
The scattered male underwear on the floor

But
The woman in B-1078 was a sorceress
Who didn't care about
Propriety and old maids

A sorceress who lived for the night
A sorceress no man would ever touch

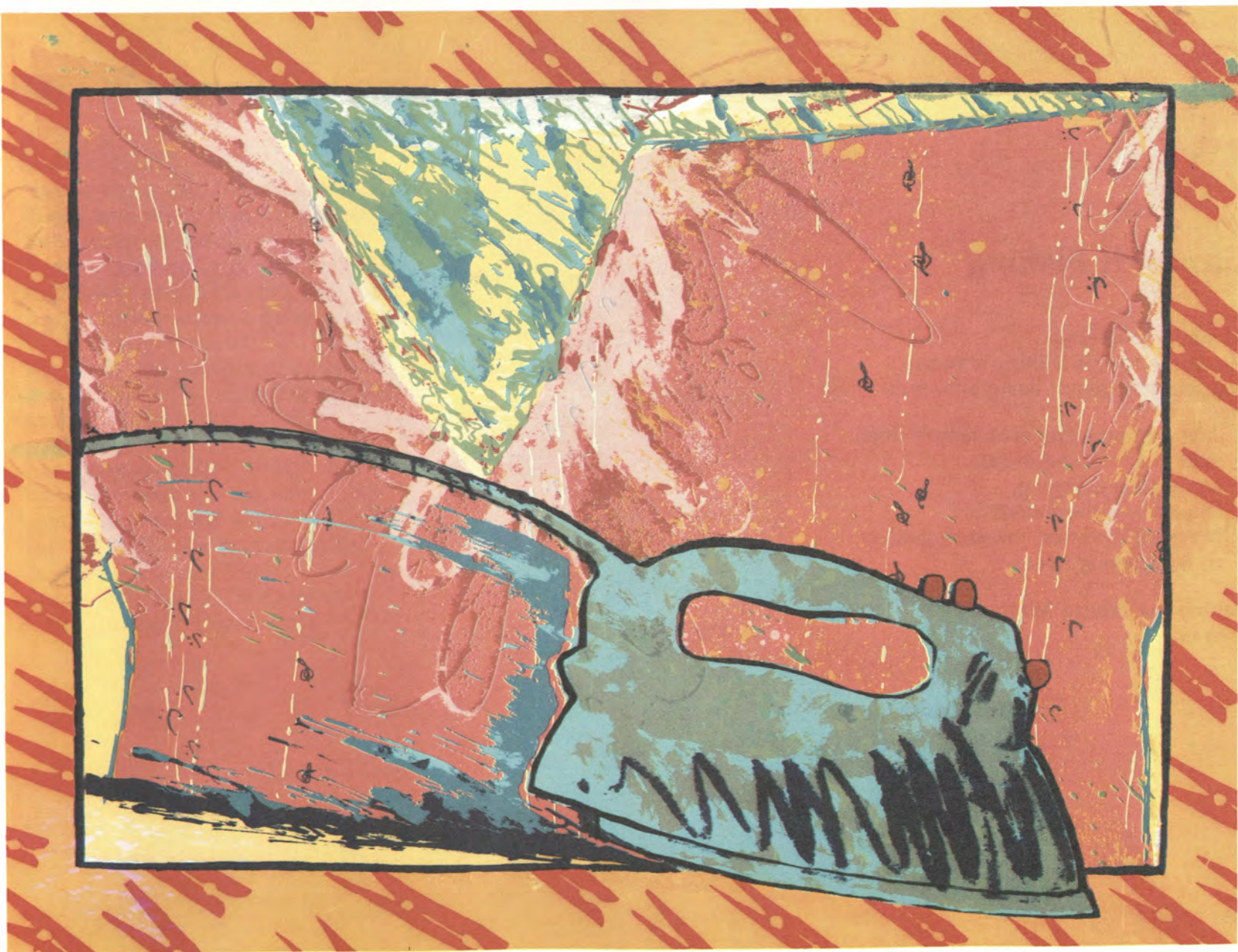
The sorceress in B-1078
Was actually quite mad
And bought male underwear in packages
And dumped it on the white carpet
And danced around the holy virgin briefs

The woman in B-1078
Blew her brains out with a pistol
One night in B-1078

And the next morning the old maids
Bitched about the blood and casual sex

Bruce Potts

Rita McCaslin
"Scorched"
Silkscreen, 16½" x 21½"



Frontporch Fishing

I could stay a long time
grafting words to this shifting breeze.
Nothing said that needs being answered—

Just casting a line, watching it drift,
held in an undercurrent,
sometimes snagging,
loosed by letting more line.
No need for knife, measuring stick
or swaggering lures—

Just letting the breeze fan thoughts
between us.

John Brownlee

Rain Predicted (for parts of Southern California)

No ordinary sky, this—
It hangs like a switchblade in the mist,
Laughs with every drop that touches
The oil layered streets,
The outdoor weddings and picnics.
An obscene sound like dripping blood,
All the outdoors now a public bathroom,
It is an embarrassment.
Palm trees and hillsides once proud
Now shrink and swallow the nasty fluid,
Sidewalks cough mud on silver
Mercedes, Jaguars, Alfas . . .
There is no escape.
The radios blare the warning,
It could last into the night—
They pull back the curtains to see
The purple sky swelling
Like a black eye on the face
Of the American Dream.

Barbara Hall



Keith Mills
"PGS 81"
Intaglio, 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ " x 9"

Phoenix Month

Nothing moves.
This is the dead-leaf month
of stone moons
pegged,
night-heavy,
in star-pinned blackness.

This is your month,
no rain, no booze, no cigarettes
—you take a lover.
A mulberry season,
blood-red riping, the month
worms unearth.

Chris Wiley



Valerie Melichar
 Untitled
 Silver print photography, 8½"x5½"

When I Record My Masterpiece (for Barb.)

You guys at Warner Bros./Elektra/Asylum/
Eskimo Perversions Records, thanks for all the
perseverance and love with which you've waited
this one out. May the peace of Allah which passeth
all understanding be with you guys. —D.L.

I Work Around

I'll jump around at lunchtime
But I sit around (yeah);
Sit around (woo, woo)
I sit around, I sit around.
(Gimme some backup vocals here.)

I got a box fulla tools
And they've never been used;
They're coated with dust
Man, they've hardly been perused.
(The guitar here goes: bing bong,
bing bing bong, bing bing bing bing bong.)

I'm leaning here
Against a railroad car;
My Dad got me this job
Where I never work hard.
I sit around (yeah, wa wa wa ooh),
I sit around (nearly everyday).

(Roll the orchestral tape here; let's
give this song a backdrop.)

My boss comes by
And he's wearing a frown;
His face is red,
He doesn't like me sitting around.
I work around (yeah, wa wa wa ooh),
I work around (he can't hold a job),
I've got a different one everyday.
I sit around (wa ooh, wa ooh, wa ooh)
I work around.
(Fade out.)

You guys: when we do this one live I want
to slit my nostrils and bleed all over everyone
in order to make some sort of social comment, if
that's alright with you guys. —D.L.

David Letson

Lighting Your Pipe in the Bathroom of the Dixie Theater in Staunton, Va.

Lighting your pipe in the bathroom
of the Dixie Theater in Staunton, Va.
(drunk, while pissing)
is a difficult maneuver.

Try it some time.

Steven Palkovitz

Winter . . .

I thought I heard your icy feet creeping by.
Was it you last night in the pale of the moon,
teasing the treetops with your breath?
You left at dawn, your grin glistening on the grass,
but left a cloudy message on the morning sky—
Then it blew away with heavy, frigid sighs.

Ash Johnston

Roadtrip

You say nothing as we ride;
I am comfortable with the silence.
I like to look at you and smile
The way I've seen lovers do.
Then there is nothing left
But to stare straight ahead—

This roaming stretch of gray
Takes me past crumbling barns and red clay,
Mailboxes jutting arms from the roadside greenery . . .
I see exhausted houses,
Gutters sagging, weather worn,
Garnished with rusting cars,
Their tires sleeping on the soil.
Then neatly plowed fields,
Backs bent over them like paintings
On kitchen walls . . . this blessed road
Chooses to move me along
And leave them to their chores.

This road bends from place to place,
From rows of corn and wheat
To electric cities . . .
If I befriend it long enough
I could be anywhere.

Narrow universe,
Endless in domain:
When darkness intervenes
There are lights to urge us on,
A white line to follow;
It breaks and beckons us
To find the other half.
I want to keep searching.

Your eyes fixed deep into the night,
You concentrate on other things—
The miles to go,
Another roadsign,
A gas station open at this late hour.

Barbara Hall

For Phaedra

Her jeans captured all the movement in her
legs, her ass.
And as she reached for the seatbelt,
her sweater travelled
up up up,
and through the haze of my burning eyes, I
stole portions of flesh from her
brown lusty flank.
I didn't have much time left, and I
wanted to confirm my impression that the
black material squeezed out so
innocently from her pants was indeed panties:
Exotic. Black. Naked.
Suddenly I felt her eyes on the top
of my pupils,
So I pretended to supervise the manner
in which she fastened
her belt, and
began a conversation on American politics.

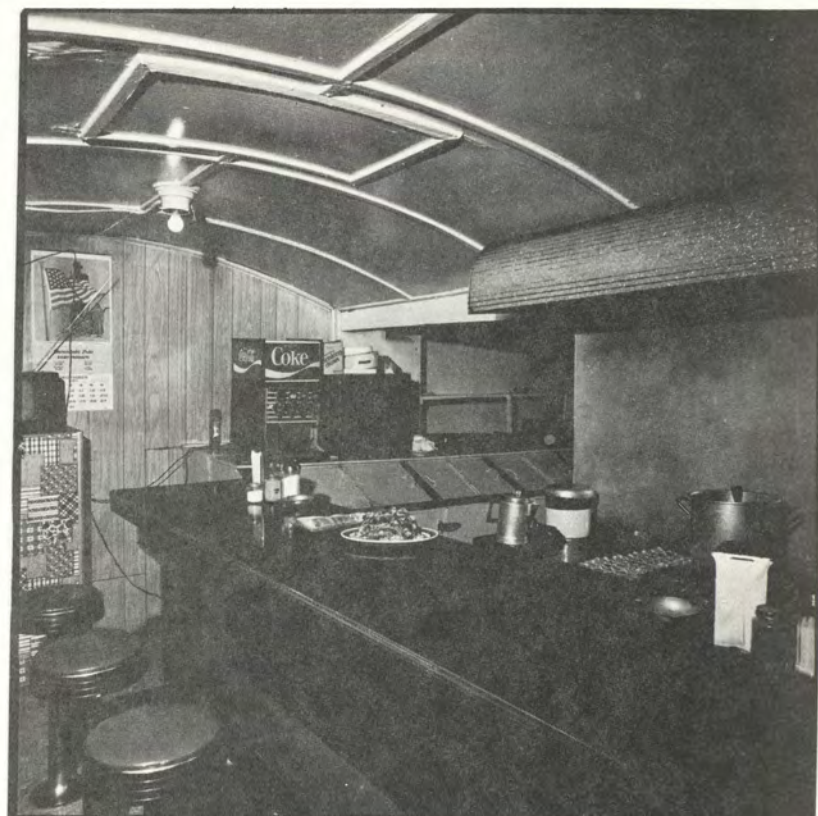
Bonn Thomas

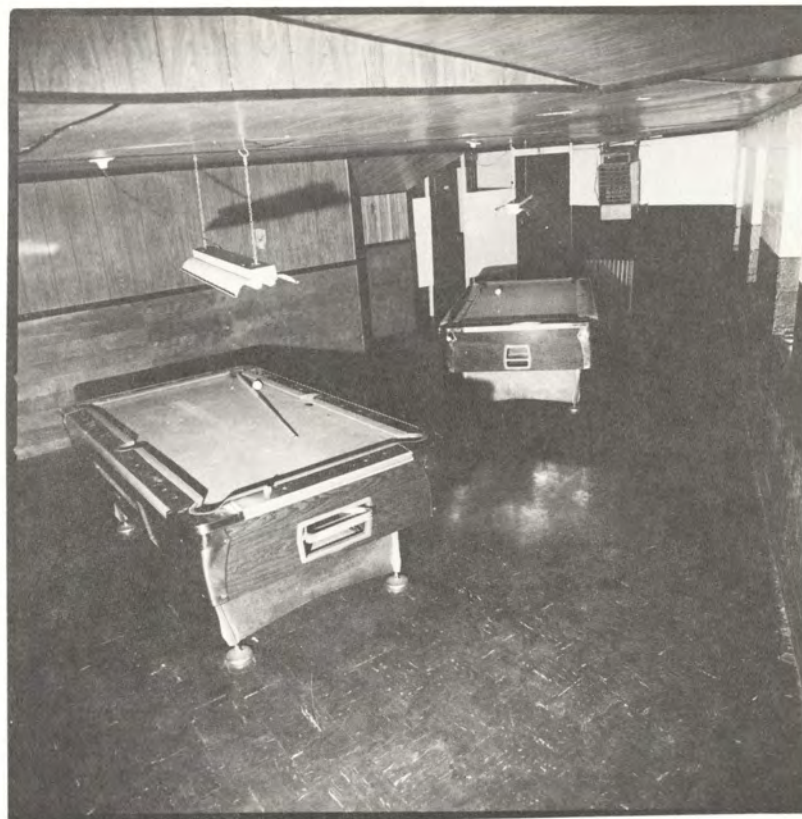


Linda Jo Sheldon
"Photographic-Wear"

Camera - 23"x37"x23"
Grey Card - 35"x44"x1½"

Light Meter 19"x26"x14"
Satin, wood and foam rubber





Craig Young
"C & E Diner 1981"
Silver print photography, 4¼" x 4¼"

like an old face w/ a new friend

it had been seventy degrees outside that day
with fat white cats across the sky and molten cracks
in the evening and I kidded you over dinner about
being a witch and controlling my whims by treachery
(such as the way you sit and those eyes) and you
pretended to not know what I was talking about and
when I bet that you could make it snow you just smiled
and once again we forgot to stop talking till 4 and
I said I'll walk you home and we stepped out into
the first of ten inches of soft mystery

Aaron Cross

a love song

and my old friend masturbation only makes things
worse, it only makes hair grow inside my brain, the
soft hairs that grow between your legs and what good
is it to push my own button when you have two at the
ends of your breasts and no magazine ever licked me
so what good is it to pretend that they are you when
i could be pretending (with each change on your face)
that i am you about to explode and although i know
what i like on myself i prefer the unknown (like what
is inside that pink little mouth)
tell me how it feels . . .

Aaron Cross

Figure #57



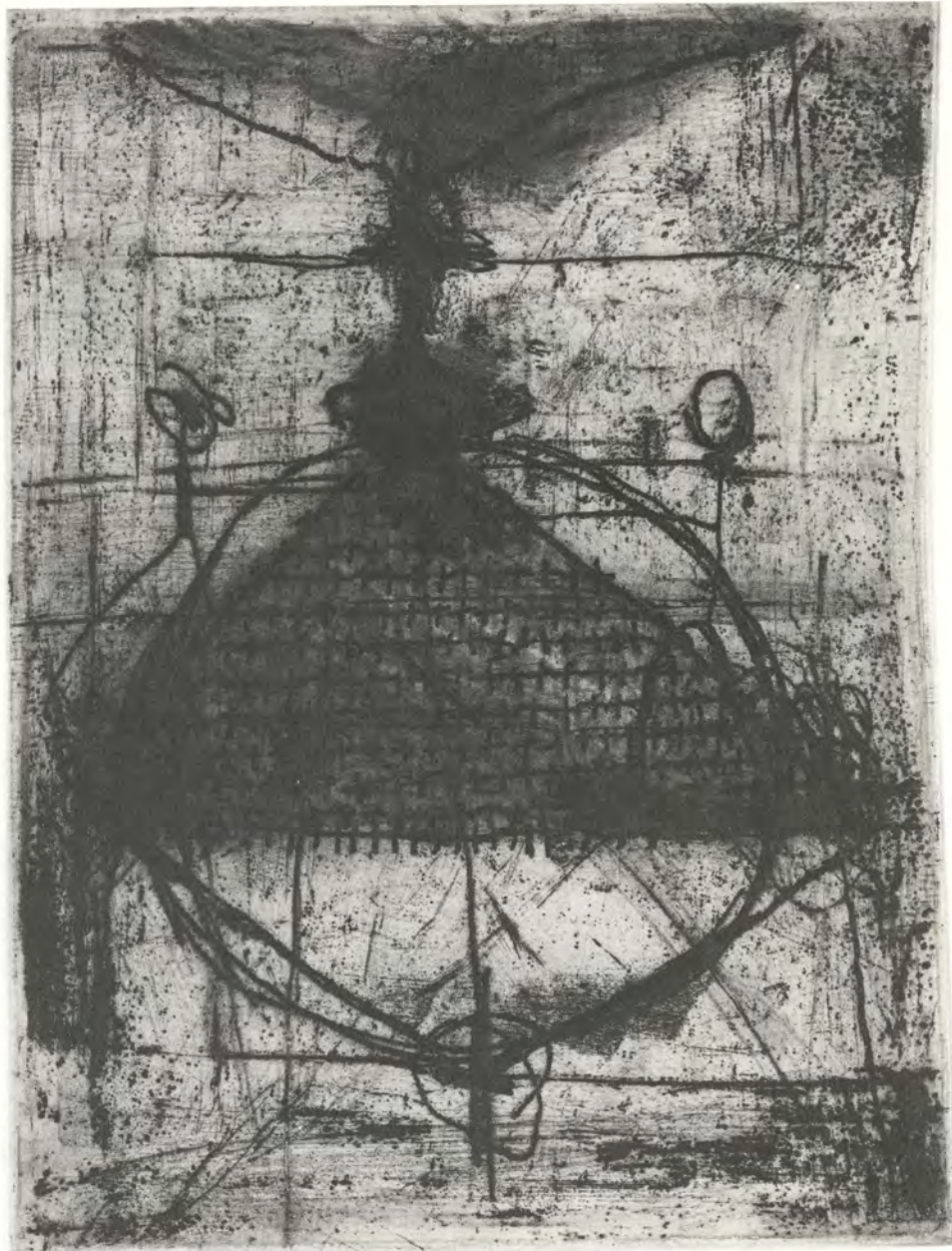
2a.



2b.

Avian :
Tendencies A/P R. Mc

Rita McCaslin
"Avian Tendencies"
Silkscreen, 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ "x9 $\frac{1}{2}$ "



Keith Mills
"Slangy Denial"
Intaglio, 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ "x11 $\frac{3}{4}$ "

Awake

you step through any street
painted with people scraped bare of desire—
your arm swings in stride,
blocks my outstretched hand.
I pretend not to notice,
contriving expressions
like the people skimming past each other . . .
while I ache in the hollow
that was you in me . . .

teasing, reason mocks
the words you choose,
justifying words to mask fear
words distorting, corrupting love
that now you name dependency . . .
words spoken endlessly
can't contain memory . . .

words won't hold you as I wake
alone — the silent endless friction
of eyelashed falling

Mary Morello

Eyes

I walked out one day with the eyes of a child
The world glittered with the impish grin of winter.
Creampuff buildings towered above
Powdered sugar falling,
Covering shortbread taxis, trucks, buses, cars.
Gingerbread people with spun-candy hair,
The sugar fell on them,
And melted.
Beautiful shells glistened and thickened as more and more
fell on the busy people.
I stopped a gingery man, fascinated by his shell.
I caressed it, and rapped on it,
Smiled and asked him to come out and play.
He stared.
Stepped aside.
Hurried on.
I reached out to a sparkling woman
Admired her shell, offered to carry her bags.
She glared.
Stalked aside.
Fluttered on.
I tilted my head, looked at the sky
Busy people etched paths around me.
Gray clouds covered the sun.
Flakes of sugar fell on me,
And melted.

Becky Saben

Window

I leaned out
the window
almost suffocating
in the cool rush,
an outline in the night
listening:

everyone sings
of themselves
for everyone.

pairs of crickets scratch
in hidden corners
somewhere on the porch.

he called to me
but I wouldn't come
the song cried urgency
still I couldn't move—
I sensed the stagnant force
of that summer night . . .

with the fall
all ceased, then faded
into lingering dusk.

Mary Morello



Dana Dameron
Untitled
Graphite Drawing, 17"x20"

The Reasonable Travelogue of Dr. William Light

He toned a tune
Of a frost-free refrigerator
And offered me sugar-less gum.

He drove a perfect car
That became a day younger
Each day
(So at any given time
it was no more than
a few hours old).

We drove until
West became East
His words (infralapsarianism)
Weathered and greyed all around.
As we crossed the International Date Line
His car fell into tomorrow.

He readied his parachute and a .38,
Yelled at me to take notes—
“We can deliberate
and get out of this one.”
He fell back,
Unconscious,
The g-force pulling blood to his head.
Below us was an ever-widening circle,
A growing pit we could only fall towards.

David Letson



Jay Tramel
"Cake Box for Pins"
Mixed media, 4"x4½"x6"



Rita McCaslin
"For Fred"
Silkscreen, 17 $\frac{3}{4}$ "x12"

One Dry Leaf,

scratching the crusty snow covering this field
 (you balked at Autumn,
 clung to a cold branch
 cracking when ice came)
A skeleton scratching for a grave.

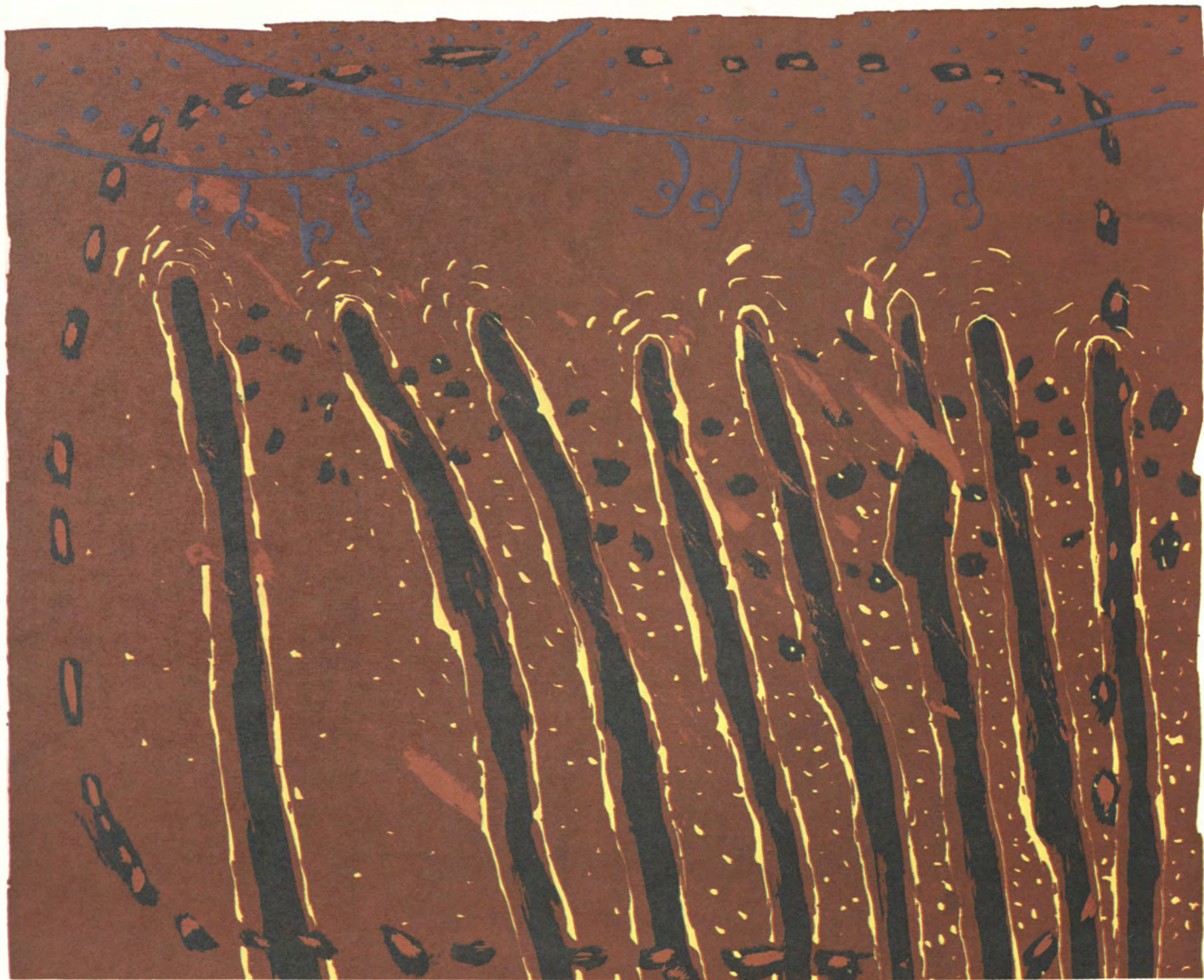
What epitaph can you etch now
that the wind won't whisk away?

John Brownlee

mando

the Abe Lincoln shadow
splashed on the stone wall—
 red roof tiles
cut against the cloudless sky—
and the world is chocolate covered,
 spilling over with ants.

Steven Palkovitz



The Girl Next Door

The girl next door
Stores her marijuana cigarettes
In her guitar case

And she dresses liberally
Like a rejuvenated flower child

She wears psychedelic pants
And
She plays funky music
Through stereo speakers
At her weekend barbecues

She has a lot of strange friends
Who wear bandanas
And "Power To The People" tattoos

And
I swear
That the girl next door
Wants to seduce me
With her revolutionary body

I wait behind my conservative picket fence
for her strange friends to leave

And
I wait for the girl next door
To throw me a peace sign

And to signal me into her mystical world
With a Beatles tune on her six-string

Garrett Boehling
"Party Poles"
Silkscreen, 16¼"x19"

Bruce Potts

Quiet Night on Campus

Dave kicks a beer bottle down the street
Just to hear the clink,
It rattles aimlessly as we walk.
Even in the glow of a streetlight
It's a night too dark for dreaming.
Mark says we're waiting to get old,
I'm too young to be tired.

Maybe we had it too simple,
Laughing is like breathing these days.
Dave says college isn't for being quiet,
We should be loud while no one is listening.
But the safeness of it all
Hovers like a guillotine;
Mark thinks of grad school to ease the pain.

There's something too easy
About this collage of denim . . .
Watching drunks stumble by,
Hearing chatter swallowed in the night
And headlights of cars
Painting our faces.

Barbara Hall



Dana Tietje
"Ceremonial Necklace"
Brass, Paper

Secrets

He knows who he once was
But he keeps it camouflaged

There are so many demented dragons
Who would like to reveal
The sick skeletons in his closet

He lives
In clothes buttoned to the neck
And lips that hide his fangs

And his Mickey Mouse wristwatch
Tells time in units of broken wishes

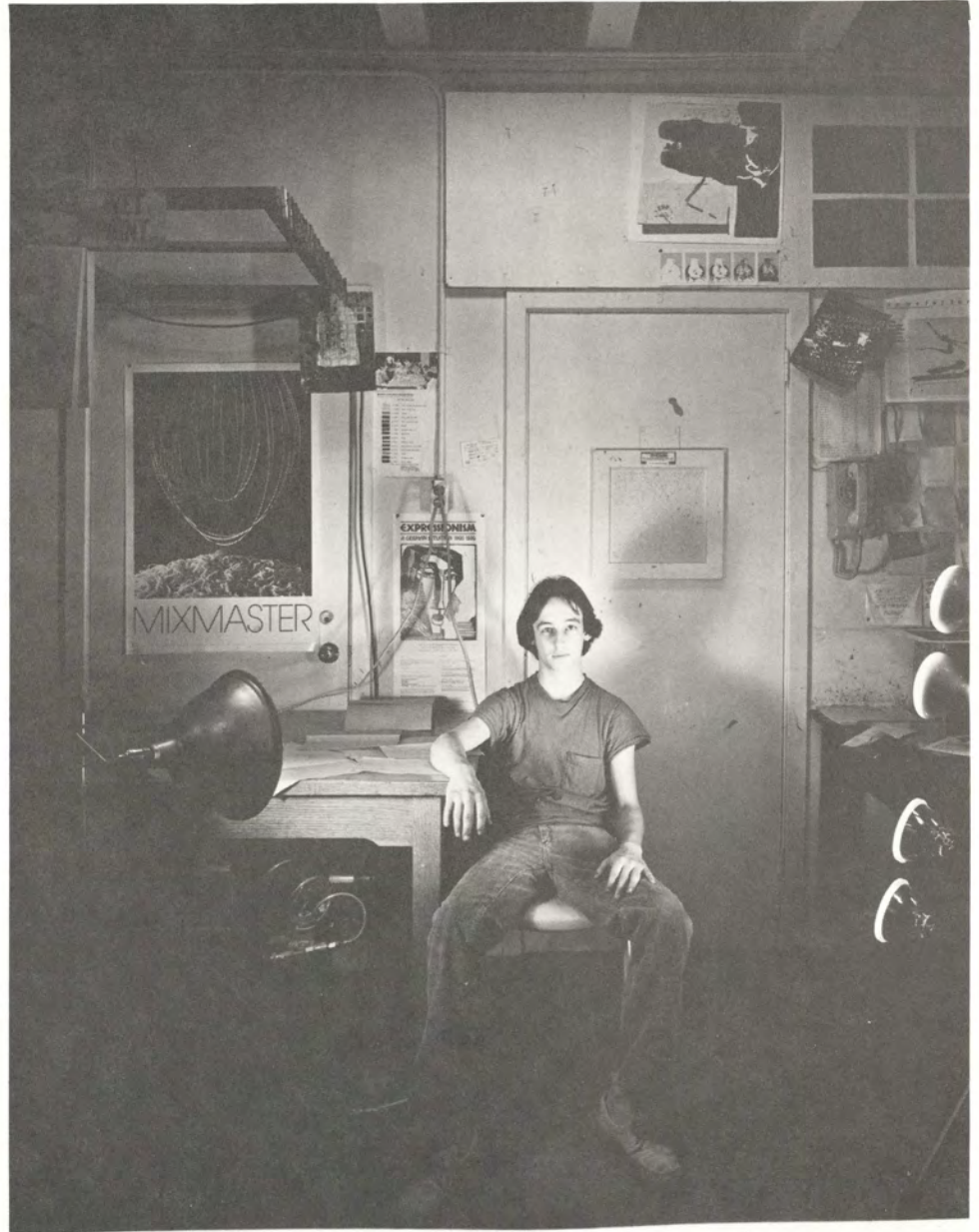
It is two lifetimes past heartache
Two lifetimes past his lost lover

His hood covers his pointy ears
And his plastic nose and eyeglasses
Make him another Groucho in distress

He knows who he once was
And who he is
But
He is slightly losing touch with reality
And he whiles away the time
Cutting out sensual paper dolls
In his gingerbread house with no doors

Bruce Potts

Donald J. Becht
"Marty"
Silver print photography, 18"x9½"



Mirror

some force lifts my face
always sideways
always into the mirror . . .

the mirror is darkened:
the reflection of the wall stares back gray.

in the corner
stirs the shadow of a mind—
music bursts out of the corner—

looking back I see
you laid out perfectly still
in the chair with the music
louder than thought . . .
in the calm I catch you quivering —

I blink, and you seem still
I shake my head
back to the mirror
always hanging

you say, "this is it.
this is it, don't you see . . .?"
I fight not to see.
I can't look; if I look . . .

your eyes are dark and dull,
no, not black—
more like mud . . .

was the split so random,
no more than mud cracking . . .
can I touch it, read it now?
have I already signed the book
in some dark dream . . .
they tell me still
that in my eyes play slivers of light . . .
my legacy.

I walked away . . .
but now the music sweeps you back
can I walk away again
thinking, can you see me now?

Mary Morello



Donald J. Becht
"Beth"
Silver print photography, 18"x9½"



Emily Clark
"Petersburg, Va."
Silver print photography, 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ " x 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ "

Minerva

Minerva is a little shy
Pig-tailed
And this lonely boy's fantasy

She lives in a country house
With flowers in the windows

And a dainty "M"
In the middle of her screen door

She does not know
I have visions of her
When my heels kick the dust
Of these country roads

She wakes at 7 AM
Gathers fresh flowers from the meadows

(Her 100 cats scratch at the windowpanes,
awaiting her return)

She buys milk and eggs
From Mr. Buck's Country Store
And
Exchanges trivial remarks
About rain and sunshine
With the old men at the Main Street Inn

Minerva
Is a woman of the land
Attired in simple dresses and earth shoes

I am a man of honor and conscience
Watching her activity
from my house across the way

She does not know me except to smile and nod

She does not know I have had visions
Of untying her pigtails
And pulling up her flowing skirts

Bruce Potts

MAYONNAISE: The World Report (Dec. 1981)

I. "What's the matter with you?" a burly truck driver asked the thin man between swallows of coffee. He had on his forearm a tattoo of Josephine the plumber that, to the thin man, appeared to be winking each time the truck driver turned his wrist up to swallow more coffee.

"I've been in this diner for half an hour, and I've seen you do nothing except sprinkle salt in your shirt pocket and push your hair into your ears with your thumbs."

Pause.

"Is there, uh, something the matter with you or something?"

The thin man did not know how to answer. How could he better answer, though, than to speak, and how could he better speak than to speak his mind. "I have so much mayonnaise in my head that I cannot think," the thin man replied.

At this the truck driver promptly fell over and died. The thin man excused himself and left the diner without paying.

II. Mature love is the interpersonal exchange (as opposed to an intrapersonal exchange) of small plastic packets of mayonnaise, like the kind they give away at McDonald's.

A. McDonald's is about the biggest hosebag in the world. For the price of a meal you can shake hands with anyone in the store, as many times as you like, and be passed a small plastic packet of mayonnaise each time.

B. When two people are in love they will look for the opportunity to stay up all night together to read one another the ingredients off of their small plastic packets.

i. Egg yolks, vinegar, oil, seasonings, etc.

ii. This activity is imminently pleasurable for both parties involved.

C. The thin man once entered a room whose two occupants were not merely exchanging small plastic packets but were hurling large boxes marked CAUTION: HANDLE WITH CARE SMALL PLASTIC PACKETS ENCLOSED at one another. He left.

III. Death is the state of suspended animation in which the body's supply of mayonnaise accumulates (thickly) against its inner walls.

A. A ghoulish white glow results.

B. The accumulated mayonnaise becomes available for sandwich making, and body temperature necessarily falls to prevent spoilage.

C. Most men, the thin man included, do not want to die.

i. Death is overrated.

ii. No amount of sandwiches could be worth it.

iii. Death has a woman's promise.

IV. A Search for Truth and Ultimate Wisdom

A. MEMPHIS (AP)—Doctors today learned from their exhumation of the body of the late Elvis Presley that the king of rock 'n' roll had been no more, in fact, than a 5'11" penis, albeit a slightly overweight one.

At a press conference immediately following the exhumation, experts, while admitting their initial bafflement at the discovery, refused to retain any shock, saying the king's famed pelvic girations and the strange seductive quality of his baritone could now be explained.

B. Fuck, fuk, phuk, . . .

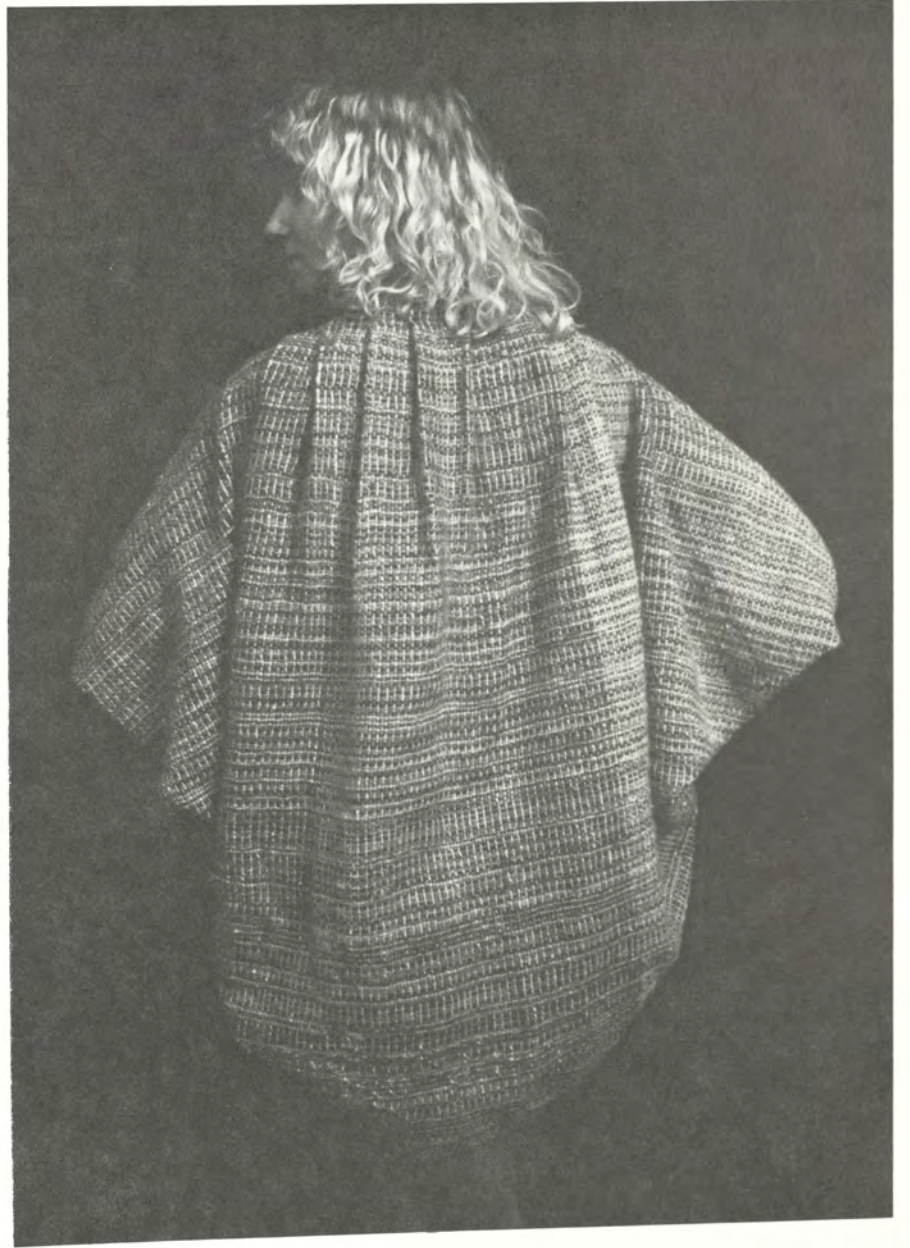
i. Pick a spelling.

ii. Home.

David Letson



Cathy Gawarecki
"Vicious"
Silver print photography, 8½"x5½"



Beth Herbst
"Cocoon"
Fiber



Mark Pascal
"Jump down turn 'round,
pick a bale o' cotton"
Silver print photography, 8½" x 5½"

Men in the Rain

From down the road I see
Them emerge with the scenery,
The groaning of tires moving me
Closer. Hands stuffed in pockets
They walk beneath John Deere caps,
Shuffle gravel under workboots,
Friendly to the rain that slaps
Against my windshield. They walk
Toward some earth-tone plan, or hope,
Backdrop of white frame houses
Rising on a shy green slope.

I have known
The feel of rain licking my face,
The smell of dirt disturbed
And walking to a final place.
Eyes fixed on them, I shoot by,
Caged in here I am warm,
I am dry.

Barbara Hall



"I'm a Rabbit, not a Bunny"

Paula Dubill
"I'm a Rabbit, not a Bunny"
Lithograph, 24½x36"

